drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God soft; I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to *London*.

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbor *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

Cham. At hand quoth Picke-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand qd. the *Chamber-lain*, for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currât that I told you yester night, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges & Butter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint *Nicholas*, as truely as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir *Iohn* hãgs with me, & thou knowes he is no starueling: tut, there are o-

ches

ther Troians that thou drea
sake are content to do the pr
(if matters should be lookt in
whole: I am ioyned with no
sixpenny strikers, none of th
malt-worms, but with nobili
and great Oneyers, such as c
ner then speak, & speake soo
then pray; and yet (Zounds)
their saint the common-wea
prey on her, for they ride v
their bootes.

Cham. What the Comm
hold out Water in foule wa

Gad. She will, she will, I us
in a Castle, cockesure; wee
walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith,
to the night then to Ferne
Gad. Giue me thy hand, t
chase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a cõm
bring my Gelding out of th

Enter Prince, Poy

Poines. Come shelter, sh
Horse; and he frets like a g

Prince. Stand close.

Falst. *Poines, Poines*, and b

Prince. Peace ye fat kidn
thou keepe?

Falst. What *Poines, Hal*

Prince. He is walkt vp to

Falst. I am accurst to rob i
hath remoued my horse, a
I trauel but 4. foot by the
my wind: Well, I doubt
this, if I scape hanging for
his company hourely any

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (